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DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

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CHAPTER I.—BY THE GATE OF THE SEA.

WHEN any man tells you he doesn't know Petherton Episcopi, you may immediately conceive a low opinion of his character and intellect. For all the world, in fact, has been to Petherton. Not, of course, in the same broad sense that all the world has been to Margate and Great Yarmouth; nor yet in the same narrow and restricted sense that all the world has been to Brighton and Scarborough. The vulgar mob that frequents the first, the fashionable mob that frequents the second, would find in Petherton nothing to satisfy their essentially similar and gregarious tastes. Birds of a feather flock together in the crowded promenades of the Spa and the Pierhead. But the quiet, cultivated, nature-loving few, the saving minority who form the salt of the earth (according to Matthew Arnold) in these latter hurrying scurrying centuries, all of them seem by some native instinct or elective affinity to have picked out the very name of Petherton from the list of competing English watering-places at the end of Bradshaw.

You have been there yourself, I feel sure beforehand, so I needn't describe it to you. It is of a type, indeed, with Lyme Regis, and Sherringham, and St Ives, and Overstrand; with Newquay, and Aldeburgh, and Mundesley, and Budleigh Salterton; one of the many unspoilt nooks and corners in a broken gap of rockbound coast, shunned by the vast class of noisy tourists to whom the seaside means only a pier and an esplanade and a military band and a crowd of loungers—but dearly prized by simple old-fashioned souls, like you and me, to whom the seaside is synonymous rather with open cliffs and heather-clad heights and creeping surf and

a broad beach, broken only by the fishermen's boats and the bare brown legs of the shrimpers in the foreground. Hence, when any man tells you he doesn't know Petherton, you may set him down at once with tolerable accuracy in your own mind as a son of the Philistines—a member of the Yarmouth and Scarborough contingent—and take his mental and moral gauge accordingly.

Charles Austen Linnell—he was careful to put the accent, himself, on the last syllable—found Petherton suit him to the very top of his liking. It lies surrounded, as you know, by high sloping hills, with a sea-front undesecrated as yet by the financial freaks of the speculative builder, and a tiny stone pier of Plantagenet antiquity, enclosing in its curve one of the quaintest and oldest coasting ports in all England. There are endless 'bits' to sketch in the neighbourhood; and Linnell, who loved to describe himself as 'a painter by trade,' found subjects ready to his hand at every turn of the picturesque old borough. He stood in front of his easel on the west cliff, that summer morning, gazing with ingenuous admiration and delight, first at the cottage with the creeper-covered porch, and then at his own clever counterfeit presentment of the same on the sheet of thick white Whatman's paper stretched out before him. And well he might; for it was a cottage of the almost obsolete poetic type, the thatched and gabled cottage with low overhanging eaves now being rapidly crowded out of existence in the struggle for life by the bare and square brick and slated workman's dwelling-house. Happy the farm-labourer, if only he knew his own good-fortune, the painter mur-

mured half unconsciously to himself (after the second Georgic), whose luck it was to dwell within those pretty, rose-clad, insanitary windows.

As he held his handsome head appreciatively on one side, and surveyed his own work with the complacent smile of the satisfied artist, an unexpected voice from behind startled him suddenly. 'What, Linnell!' the voice cried. 'You here, my dear fellow. I'd no idea of this. How lucky I met you.'

Linnell turned, blushing crimson like a girl. To say the truth, he hated to be caught in the obvious act of admiring his own poor tentative water-colours. 'Ha, ha, the prowling art-critic!' he answered, with a guilty air. 'Our avenging angel! We can never escape him. He dogs the trade like its own evil conscience. I didn't know, Mansel, you were looking over my shoulder and appraising my poor ineffective efforts.'

'Well, that's a nice way to welcome an old friend, after I don't know how many years that we haven't seen one another!' Mansel responded good-humouredly, grasping his hand hard with a friendly pressure. 'I steal upon you unawares from the middle distance, making sure it's you, in the full expectation of a warm reception; and I get called in return an avenging angel, and likened unwarrantably, out of pure wantonness, to the most hateful and baneful of created things, the crawling art-critic. For I, too, you know, have felt the creature bite my heel. I, too, have crushed the loathly worm. I, too, have suspended myself from a hook in Suffolk Street.'

Linnell wrung his old friend's hands warmly, 'You took me so by surprise,' he replied in an apologetic tone. 'I'm afraid you must have thought me an awful fool, surveying my own handiwork with a complacent smirk, as if I were a Cox or a Crome or a Turner. But the fact is, my dear boy, every fellow on earth who paints at all must throw his whole heart into it; he must cultivate egotism, and believe in himself, or he'll never get other people to believe in him. Not that I believe in myself, for one moment, at bottom: I know I'm not worth a crooked sixpence, viewed as a painter. But don't think I didn't know you for a fellow-journeyman. I've seen your name at the Institute often, and admired your work, too, if you'll allow me to say so. It's queer, indeed, we've never knocked up against one another accidentally anywhere since we left Christ Church.'

'Well, not so queer,' the other replied, 'if you take into consideration the patent fact that you go and bury yourself for half the year in the wilds of Africa, and only come to England for the other half, when all the rest of us are hard at work in Cornwall, or the Highlands, or Norway, or Switzerland. Very few artists frequent the desert in mid December, and you never show up in winter in London.'

Linnell blushed again, this time with a faint flush of visible pleasure. 'You knew, then, that I spent the best part of my time in Egypt or Algiers?' he murmured timidly.

'My dear fellow, how could I call myself alive, I should like to know, if I hadn't admired those Moorish maidens with the wistful dark eyes and the Mohammedan voluptuousness, or those dim streets where veiled beauties mysteriously descend interminable steps of the native quarter, which testify to your existence in the Grosvenor annually? Not to know them would argue myself unknown with a vengeance. Everybody worth naming has seen and praised your glossy Nubians and your dreamy Arab girls.'

'No; have they, though, really?' Linnell echoed back with eager delight. 'I didn't know any one (except the critics, confound them!) ever took the trouble to notice my things. There's so much good work in the Grosvenor always, that one naturally expects the *lesser* men to be passed by unheeded.'

'Besides,' Mansel continued, without rising to the fly, 'I've heard of you now and again from our neighbours, the Maitlands, who keep a villa or something of the sort over yonder at Algiers, and made your acquaintance there, you remember, last winter.'

Linnell's too expressive face fell slightly. If the secret must out, he preferred to be tracked by his handicraft alone. 'Why, yes,' he answered in a disappointed tone; 'of course I know the Maitlands well. It's through them, to tell you the truth, that I'm here this summer. The old General knocked up against me in town last week, and asked me to run down and stop with them at High Ash. But I wouldn't accept the invitation outright, of course: I hate visiting—cramps individuality: I always like to be my own master. Besides, they've got a girl in the house, you see, and I bar girls, especially that one. She's a great deal too much up in the clouds for me, and she makes me fidgety. I prefer women who keep their feet planted on the solid ground. I was born on the earth, and I like to stop there. However, the old man's account of the place pleased me, and I've come down to stop at the Red Lion, accordingly, and do some sketching—or at least what I take, myself, for sketching—among the cliffs and cottages.—From what you say, then, I infer you abide here.'

'You infer like a treatise on deductive logic. We do abide here. We've got a bit of a *piéd-à-terre* in a humble way on the hilltop yonder. A poor thing, but mine own. You must come and lunch with us this very morning.'

'Thanks. It's awfully good of you to think of bidding me. But you're married, I see. Inference again: you said *we*. Perhaps Mrs Mansel won't be equally glad to see a perfect stranger at a moment's notice. Ladies object to the uninvited guest, not unreasonably. I'm not

an old Oxford friend of hers, too, you know, my dear fellow.'

Mansel laughed. 'Oh, Ida won't mind, I'm sure,' he answered hastily, though with the internal qualms of the well-trained husband. 'She's quite accustomed to my Bohemian habits. I insist upon going out into the highways and byways and bringing home whomever I light upon.—That's a pretty sketch of yours. As smooth as usual. Your quality's so good! and so much depth and breadth in the shadows of the door-way!'

Linnell put his head on one side once more, with a dubious air. 'Do you really think so?' he said, evidently reassured. 'Well, that's a comfort. I'm so glad you like it. I was afraid, myself, the grays and yellows in the thatch were all wrong. They've bothered me terribly. Would you put a touch or so more of olive green for local colour in the dark corner by the deep red creeper there? I'm not quite sure I've brought out the complementary shades under the eaves distinct enough.'

'Not another stroke!' Mansel answered decisively, eyeing it hard with his arms crossed. 'Not a dash! not a tinge! not a jot! not a thought even! You'd spoil the whole picture if you altered a single bit of the colouring there, I assure you. That's the fault of your detail, I've always said, if you won't be offended at an old friend's criticism. You spoil your best work by over-elaboration. I can see at a glance in all your most careful pieces—oh yes, I've studied them in Bond Street, you may be sure'—for Linnell had waved his hand deprecatingly—'that you do a good thing, and you do it to a turn, and then you're afraid to leave well alone; so you touch it up, and you touch it up, and you touch it up again, till all the breadth and force is taken clean out of it, and only the detail and the after-thoughts are left on your canvas.'

Linnell shook his head with a despondent air. 'It's too true,' he said slowly. 'I know it only too well myself already.'

'Well, then,' his friend answered with the prompt brusqueness of sound common-sense, 'be warned by experience, and avoid it in future. Don't go and do what you know's an error. Have the courage of your convictions, and leave off in time. The minute I looked at this bit on the easel, I said to myself: "By George, I didn't know Linnell had it in him." The ease and verve of the thing was just what I liked about it. And then, at the very moment when I'm standing admiring it, you propose to go and spoil the entire effect by faking it up to get the local colour strictly according to Cocker. Local colour and all the rules be hanged! The picture's the thing; and the picture's a vast deal better without them. Besides, I want you to get this particular sketch good. You know, of course, whose cottage you're painting?'

'No; I don't,' Linnell answered, surveying it carelessly. 'John Noakes's or Simon Stokes's, I should say, most probably.'

'Wrong!' Mansel cried, lowering his voice a trifle to a mysterious under-tone, for dim figures were flitting half unseen behind the high box

hedge opposite. 'That poetical-looking cottage,'—and he sank to a whisper—'you'll hardly believe it, but it's Haviland Dumaresq's.'

At that famous name, Linnell drew himself up in sudden surprise. If Mansel had counted upon producing an impression, he hadn't gone far wrong in his calculation. Linnell whistled a long low whistle. 'No; you're trying to take me in,' he exclaimed at last, after a short pause. 'We always called you "The Wag" at Christ Church, I remember. You can't surely mean Haviland Dumaresq the philosopher?'

Mansel smiled a smile of conscious superiority. 'You remind me of what Lewis Carroll said one evening at High Table,' he answered quickly, 'when we were all discussing the authorship of the Homeric poems. Everybody else had given his pet opinion on that endless problem, and while they all gabbled about it, Carroll sat and looked on grimly. At last somebody appealed to him for confirmation of his own special dogma. "Well," said Carroll, looking up in his dry way, "I've got a theory of my own about the Iliad and Odyssey. It is, that they weren't really written by Homer, but by another person of the same name." In Haviland Dumaresq's case, however, there's no room for any such doubt. No two people in the world could possibly be called by accident by such a singular combination of names as that.—Don't shake your head. I'm quite in earnest. This is the original and only genuine Dumaresquian Theory. When you ask for the real Encyclopædic Philosophy, see that you get it. And here's the shop all the true stuff comes from.'

Linnell glanced up at his old college friend in breathless astonishment. For a moment it was clear he could hardly believe his own ears. 'Are you really serious?' he asked at last, gasping. 'I've always believed in Dumaresq most profoundly; and I can't suppose he inhabits a hovel. The Encyclopædic Philosophy has almost put a girdle round the world in my own portmanteau. I never went anywhere that I didn't take it. And do you mean to tell me the man who wrote it—the philosopher who transcends space and time—the profoundest thinker of our age and nation—the greatest mathematician and deepest metaphysician in all Europe—really lives in a labourer's cottage?'

'Why not?' Mansel answered with a screwed-up face. 'It's a very picturesque one.'

'Picturesque! *Je vous l'accorde*. But convenient, commodious, suitable, no. And painters as we are, we must still admit a man can't live on pure picturesqueness. Dirt and discomfort, I've always maintained, are necessary elements of the picturesque. But dirt and discomfort are personally distasteful in their actual form. It is only when painted that they become agreeable. What on earth can make a man like Haviland Dumaresq bury himself here, in such a mere cramped outhouse?'

'Poverty,' the local artist replied laconically.

'Poverty!' his friend echoed, all incredulous, a frank indignation flashing from his eye. 'You don't mean to tell me the man who first formulated that marvellous Law of Sidereal Reciprocity is still so poor that he has to inhabit a ploughman's hut in a remote village? For the honour of our kind, I refuse to believe it.'

I won't believe it; I can't believe it. It's a disgrace to the age. I knew Dumaresq was comparatively little read or known, of course—that's the natural penalty of extreme greatness—but I always pictured the philosopher to myself as a wealthy man, living in easy circumstances in a London square, writing his books in a luxurious library, and serenely waiting for future generations to discover the true proportions of his stature. Bacon left his fame by will, you remember, to the care of foreign nations and the after-age. Foreign nations have found out Dumaresq already: the after-age will find him out in time, as surely as it found out Descartes and Newton.'

'You speak enthusiastically,' Mansel answered with a careless wave of his hand towards the rose-bound casements of the poetical cottage. 'I'm glad of that, for I'm always pleased when anybody comes here who has so much as heard poor old Dumaresq's name. The old man has led a life of continued neglect: that's the long and the short of it. All his hopes have been blighted and disappointed. His great work, though it's had here and there in all parts of the world a few glowing and fervid disciples like yourself, has fallen flat, for the most part, so far as public appreciation's concerned; and everything he expected to do he's failed in effecting. He seems to me always like a massive broken Egyptian pillar, rising among the ruins of Karnak or Luxor, as I see them rise in some of your own pictures.' Linnell's eye flashed with pleasure. 'And it's a great point for him to meet nowadays with anybody who sympathises at all with his aims and his methods. He's had so little recognition in life, in fact, that, old as he is, a word of encouragement, a single compliment, an allusion to his work in ordinary conversation, seems to thrill him through and through with surprised enjoyment. I've seen him as pleased as a child at praise. He acknowledges it with a singular stately courtesy, as a right deferred, and holds his head higher in visible pride for the rest of that evening.'

'How pathetic!' Linnell cried. 'Yet I can easily believe it. What I can't believe is that Haviland Dumaresq should still be living in absolute poverty. I hope, when you say that, you don't mean me to take your words in the literal acceptance that he wants for money?'

'But I do, though, my dear fellow. I do, every word of it. The man's as poor as the proverbial church mouse. He never made a farthing out of the Encyclopædic Philosophy: it was dead loss from beginning to end; and he lives to this day from hand to mouth by doing the merest scientific hackwork for London publishers—Popular Educators, you know, and that sort of clap-trap.'

With a sudden start, Linnell folded up his easel very resolutely. 'Come away,' he said in a firm voice. 'I can't stand this sort of thing, for my part, any longer. Haviland Dumaresq in want of money! Haviland Dumaresq lacking the bare means of support! Haviland Dumaresq buried in a pigsty! The thing's disgraceful. It's not to be endured! Why doesn't some rich person somewhere take the matter up and establish and endow him?'

'Some wealthy countryman of yours across

the Atlantic, for example?' Mansel echoed good-humouredly. 'Well, yes, Americans are always fond of that earthly-providence business. I wonder, indeed, they've never thought of it.'

Linnell's face clouded visibly to the naked eye. 'What,' he cried with unmistakable annoyance in his testy tone. 'That old mistake alive and green still! How often shall I have to correct the blunder! Didn't I tell you at Christ Church, over and over again, that I wasn't an American, and never had been—that I'd never a drop of Yankee blood in my veins—that my connection with Boston was a purely accidental one? My father merely settled there for—ur—for business purposes. We are not and we never were American citizens. I hate to be called what I'm not, and never will be. But that's neither here nor there at present. The question for the moment is simply this—Why doesn't somebody establish and endow Haviland Dumaresq?'

Mansel's face brimmed over with suppressed amusement. 'Establish and endow him!' he cried with a short laugh. 'My dear fellow, I'd like to see the man, American or otherwise, brave enough to suggest it to him for half a second. He'd better have a fast trotting horse and a convenient gig waiting round the corner before he tries; for Haviland Dumaresq would forthwith arise and slay him with his hands, as King Arthur proposed to do to the good Sir Bedivere, unless he evacuated the premises with all reasonable haste before the old man could get up and at him. He's the proudest soul that ever stepped this earth, is Haviland Dumaresq. He'd rather starve than owe ought to any man. I can fancy how he'd take the proposal to subsidise him. The bare mention of the thing would kill him with humiliation.'

By this time Linnell had finished folding up his easel and picture, and addressed himself vigorously on the road homeward. 'What are you going for?' Mansel asked with an innocent face.

'Going for?' Linnell repeated with profound energy. 'Why, *something* must be done, I suppose, at once, about Dumaresq. This state of things is simply intolerable. A man with a world-wide reputation for the deepest thought among all who can think—that is to say, among all except absolute dolts and idiots—there, there, I haven't even patience to talk about it. *Something* must be done, I tell you, this very day, to set things square for him.'

'Exactly,' Mansel went on, gazing up at the sky in a vacant far-away fashion. 'You're rich, we all know, Linnell, like the mines of Golconda. You drop as a universal provider from the clouds!'

He broke off suddenly, for Linnell had halted, and looked back at him half angrily with a sudden quick suspicious glance. 'Me rich!' the handsome young artist cried with an impatient snap of his long middle finger. 'Again one of those silly old exploded Christ Church fallacies. Who ever told you I was rich, I'd like to know? You never had it from my lips at anyrate, Mansel. I wish unauthorised people wouldn't make one against one's will into a peg to hang startling myths and romances upon. A painter by trade, whose pictures only sell by accident, can never be rich—unless he has private means

of his own, of course—works a gold mine or a Pennsylvanian oil-well. I own neither. Still, for all that, I feel it a burning shame to the times we live in that Haviland Dumaresq—the deepest thinker of our age and race—should end his days in a ploughman's cottage.'

CHAPTER II.—LINNELL'S MYSTERIES.

They turned aside into the deep-cut lane that led by tortuous twists towards the main road, and walked along for a second or two in solemn silence. Mansel was the first to break their reverie. 'Why, Linnell,' he cried, with a start of astonishment, pointing down to his friend's feet with an awkward gesture, 'you're all right again that way now, then, are you? You—you don't find your leg trouble you any longer?'

Till that moment, the new-comer to Petherton had been strolling along easily and naturally enough; but almost as the words passed Mansel's lips, the older resident noticed that Linnell was now limping a little with his left foot—an imperceptible limp to a casual observer, though far more marked within the last few seconds than it had been a minute or two before attention was called to it. Linnell glanced down and smiled uneasily. 'Oh, I hobble along rather better than I used to do,' he answered casually with an evasive laugh. 'They sent me to Egypt for that, you know. Dry as blazes in Egypt. The old affection was rheumatic in origin, it seems. Damp intensified it. I was told a warm climate might do me good. Sir Anthony Wraxall—astute old beggar—advised me never to let myself feel cold in my limbs for a single moment; and I've done my best ever since to follow out his directions to the letter. I've spent every winter for the last five years on the Nile or in Algeria. I've camped out for weeks together in the middle of the desert: I've dressed half my time like an Arab chief to give my limbs free play: I've ridden all day long on my horse or my camel: I've never walked when I could possibly get a mount of any sort: and in the end, I'm beginning to hobble about, I'm glad to say, in a way that remotely resembles walking. I suppose the treatment's getting me round at last a bit.'

'Resembles walking!' Mansel exclaimed with surprise. 'Why, my dear fellow, you can walk every bit as well as all the rest of us. To tell you the truth, you stood so firm, and turned about and walked off so naturally, that I'd almost forgotten at the first blush all about your old difficulty.'

'That was because I was excited and indignant about poor old Dumaresq,' Linnell answered hastily with obvious embarrassment. 'I always walk better when I'm emotionally roused. It takes my mind off. I forget I've legs. When I play lawn-tennis, I never think for the time being about my lameness. It's when my attention's called to the existence of my feet that I feel it worst. Self-consciousness, I suppose.—But don't let's discuss me. The empirical ego's always tedious. There are so many other much more interesting subjects than an individual man to talk about in the universe!'

'I'm not so sure of that,' Mansel replied reflectively. 'Man, says Emerson, is perennially interesting to man; and I always like to hear

about you, Linnell. I expect another winter or two 'll set you up completely.—Why, my dear fellow, where are you going off to? You're coming to lunch with us, aren't you? That's our little box, you see—up there on the hill-top.'

'Oh, thank you,' Linnell answered, gazing round him abstractedly. 'But I don't think I'll come in to lunch to-day, if you please. I've too much respect for Mrs Mansel's feelings. If you'll allow me, I'll drop in upon you this afternoon, and pay my respects first in due form—and respectable clothes—to your wife and family. In England, you know, all things must be done decently and in order.'

'But not in Bohemia, my dear fellow: not in Bohemia.'

Linnell glanced down nervously upon the deep blue bay. 'Your Bohemia and Shakespeare's are much the same, it seems,' he answered, smiling. 'Each is provided with a sea-coast, gratis, by poetical license. But I won't avail myself of your kindness, for all that. I'll go back to the inn first and change my suit. These shabby old painting things aren't fit company for ladies' society. This afternoon, if you'll allow me to call, I shall hope to come up, arrayed like Solomon in all his glory, and leave my card respectfully upon Mrs Mansel.'

A sudden thought seemed to strike the would-be host. 'You're a bachelor, of course?' he exclaimed interrogatively.

Linnell's eye wandered down once more, with a timid glance, towards his left foot. 'Do you suppose a painter whose works don't sell would be likely to burden any woman on earth with that?' he asked somewhat bitterly—'least of all, a woman whom he loved and respected?'

'Come, come, Linnell,' the other man cried with genuine kindness. 'This is too ridiculous: quite overwrought, you know. You carry your sensitiveness a deal too far. A fine manly handsome fellow like you—an upstanding man, who can ride, and swim, and play lawn-tennis—to talk like that—why, it's simple nonsense. I should think any girl in her senses would be glad enough, if she could, to catch you.'

'That's the way you married men always talk,' Linnell answered shortly. 'As soon as you've secured a wife for yourselves, you seem to lose all the chivalry in your nature. You speak as if every woman were ready to jump at the very first man who happens to ask her. That may be the way, I daresay, with a great many of them. If so, they're not the sort I'd care to marry. There are women and women, I suppose, as there are fagots and fagots. I prefer, myself, the shrinking variety; the kind that accepts a man for his own sake, not for the sake of getting married merely.'

'You know what the Scotch girl said when her parents represented to her the various faults of the scapegrace who'd proposed to her?' Mansel put in laughing. "'Oo, ay," she said; "but he's aye a man, ye ken." And you have there in a nutshell the whole philosophy of the entire matter. Still, setting aside all that, even, I know no man more likely'—

Linnell brushed him aside with his hand hastily. 'Well, here our roads part,' he said, with some decision in his tone, like one who wishes to check an unpleasant argument. 'I'll

see you again this afternoon, when I've made my outer man fit for polite society. Till then, good-bye.' And with a swinging pace, he walked off quickly down the steep hill, erect and tall, his easel and picture slung carelessly by his side, and no trace of lameness perceptible anywhere in his rapid stride and manly carriage.

Mansel gazed after him with a painter's admiration for a well-built figure. 'As good-looking a fellow as ever stepped,' he thought to himself in silent criticism. 'What a pity he insists on torturing himself all his life long with these meaningless apprehensions and insoluble mysteries!'

He strolled up slowly to his own gate. In the garden, his wife was busy with the geraniums—a pretty young girl, in a light summer dress and a big straw hat that suited her admirably. 'Ida,' he cried out, as he swung open the wicket, 'who do you think is stopping at the Lion? I met him just now, in Middle Mill Fields, doing a water-colour of Dumaresq's cottage. Why, Linnell of Christ Church. You recollect, I've often told you all about him.'

'What, the lame man, Reggy, who had the dog that ran after the Proctor?'

'Well, he used to be lame once, but he isn't now a bit—at least not to speak of: you'd hardly notice it. Still, though the lameness itself's gone, it seems to have left him just as sensitive and nervous as ever—or a great deal more so. He's coming up here this afternoon to call on you, though, and you'll be able to judge of him then for yourself: but as far as I can see, there's nothing on earth left for the man to be sensitive about. Make much of him, Ida: he's as timid as a girl; but he's a nice fellow for all that, in spite of his little mysteries and mystifications.'

'He's a painter, too, isn't he?' Mrs Mansel asked, arranging a flower in her husband's button-hole. 'I think you showed me some things of his once at the Grosvenor or the Academy.'

'Yes; he daubs like the rest of us—does the Nubian girl trick and the Street in Cairo dodge; not badly either. But he's taken all that up since I last saw him. He was the merest amateur in black and white when we were at Oxford together. Now, he paints like a man who's learnt his trade, though he rather overdoes things in the matter of elaboration. Works at texture till you can't see the picture for the painting. But I don't believe he can live on his art, for all that. He's rich, I imagine, though for some strange reason he won't allow it. But that's his way. He's full of all sorts of little fads and fancies. He makes it a rule never to admit anything, except by torture. He's an American born, and he calls himself an Englishman. He spends money freely right and left, and he calls himself a pauper. He's straight and good-looking, and he calls himself a cripple. His name's Linnell, and he calls himself Linnell. In fact, he's all made up of endless little ideas and affectations.'

'There's a Sir Austen Linnell down our way in Rutland,' his wife said musingly as they turned towards the house, 'and he calls himself Linnell too, with the accent the same way on the second syllable. Perhaps your friend and the Rutland man may be some sort of relations.'

'Can't, my dear child. Don't I tell you he's American? No baronets there: republican simplicity. Boston born, though he hates to be told so. The star-spangled banner's a red rag to him. Avoid chaffing him, for Heaven's sake, about the hub of the universe.'

They had entered the drawing-room while they spoke by the open French windows, and Mrs Mansel in a careless way took up from the table by the corner sofa a Grosvenor catalogue. 'Ah, this must be he,' she said, turning over the leaves to the alphabetical list: 'See here—"329, The Gem of the Harem; 342, By the Edge of the Desert: Charles Austen Linnell."—Why, Reggy, just look, his name's Austen; and he spells it with an *e* too, exactly like the Rutland people. I don't care whatever you choose to say—American or no American, he and the Austen Linnells of Thorpe must be related to one another.'

Her husband took the little book from her hands incredulously. 'Not possible,' he murmured, gazing hard at the page. 'I'm not quite sure, but I fancy I've heard it said at Christ Church there was something wrong somewhere about the family pedigree. Linnell's father made his money out of a quack medicine or something of the sort over in America, and sent his son to Oxford, accordingly, to make a gentleman of him, and get rid of the rhubarb and sarsaparilla. They say Linnell would never go back to his native land again after he took his degree, because he hated to see all the rocks on the Hudson River and all the peaks of the White Mountains plastered over in big white letters with the touching inscription, "Use only Linnell's Instantaneous Lion Liver Pills." At least, so Gregory of Brasenose told me, and his father, I fancy, was once an *attaché* or *chargé d'affaires* at Washington.'

'But how does he come to be called Austen, then?' Mrs Mansel went on with true feminine persistency, sticking to her point like a born woman. 'And Austen with an *e* too! That clinches the argument. If it was only an *i*, now, it might perhaps be accidental: but don't go telling me Austen with an *e* comes within the limits of anything less than a miraculous coincidence.'

Her husband glanced over her shoulder once more at the catalogue she had seized and examined a second time. 'It's odd,' he said after a pause, 'distinctly odd. I see the finger of design in this, undoubtedly. It can't be accident, as you justly remark with your usual acumen: mere coincidence, as you observe, always stops short at phonetic spelling. And now you mention it, I remember Sir Austen does spell his name with an *e* certainly: I had a cheque from him once for "The Smugglers' Refuge"—that picture we let go too cheap, Ida.—But there are two ways of accounting for it, all the same: there are always at least two good ways of accounting for everything—except the action of a hanging committee. Either Linnell's descended from a younger branch of the Rutland family, which went out to America in the *Mayflower*—all good Boston people, I understand, made it a point of honour to go out in the *Mayflower*, which must have had accommodation for at least as many first-class cabin passengers as the whole fleet

that came over with William the Conqueror—or else, failing that, his excellent papa must with rare forethought have christened him Austen in order to produce a delusive impression on the public mind in future years that he belonged to a distinguished and aristocratic county family. Godfathers and godmothers at one's baptism do often perpetrate these pious frauds. I knew a man once whose real surname was plain Dish; but his parents with great presence of mind christened him Spencer Caven, so he grew up to be Spencer Cavendish, and everybody thought he was a second cousin of the Duke of Devonshire.

Mrs Mansel, for her part, had been educated at Girtton. So superficial a mode of settling a question by pure guesswork offended her views of logical completeness. 'It's no use arguing *a priori*, Reginald,' she said seriously, 'upon a matter of experience. We can ask Mr Linnell about it when he comes here this afternoon. I've invited Mr Dumaresq and Psyche to drop in for a set of tennis, and your Christ Church friend'll be just in time for it.'

When Mrs Mansel got upon *a priori* and *a posteriori*, her husband, who was only a painter after all, knew his place too well to answer her back in the same dialect. He only stared at the catalogue harder than ever, and wondered to himself in a vague way why Linnell should call himself Austen.

But at that very moment, at the Red Lion, the artist himself was sitting down at the little davenport to dash off a hasty and excited note to his agent in London:

DEAR MATTHEWS—Can you get some fellow who knows all about such things to give you an exhaustive list of all the public libraries or institutions in Great Britain, Ireland, America, or the colonies, to which a man interested in the matter might present a complete set of Haviland Dumaresq's *Encyclopædic Philosophy*? The bigger the number you can hunt up the better. Perhaps the people at the London Institution would put you in the way of finding it out. In any case, try to draw up a good big catalogue, and forward it here to me at your earliest convenience. But on no account let any one know why you want the information. I've sent a cheque for fifty guineas to that poor fellow you wrote about at Colchester: many thanks for calling my attention to his painful case. Only I could have wished he wasn't a German. Teutonic distress touches me less nearly. Never mind about buying-in those New Zealands at present. I see another use for the money I meant to put in them. In breathless haste to save post.—Yours ever sincerely,

CHARLES AUSTEN LINNELL.

'There,' he said to himself as he folded it up and consigned it to its envelope: 'that'll do a little good, I hope, for Dumaresq. The only possible use of money to a fellow like me, whose tastes are simple and whose wants are few, is to shuffle it off as well as he can upon others who stand in greater need of it. The worst of it is, one spends one's life, in that matter, perpetually steering between the Scylla of pride and the Charybdis of pauperism. The fellows who really need help won't take it, and the fellows

who don't need it are always grabbing at it. There's a deal too much reserve and sensitiveness in the world—and I've got my own share too, as well as the rest of them.'

GOOD FORM.

'MANNERS maketh Man,' is the motto of Winchester School, bequeathed by its worshipful founder, William de Wykeham; and a more appropriate one for a great training-place of English boys it would be hard to find, for in spite of such specious ideas and cheap sentiments as 'A rough diamond,' 'The sham veneer of polish,' 'A man's a man for a' that,' behaviour and general bearing do more to make or mar our social position—social position being taken to mean daily intercourse with our fellows, and not the separate layers of humanity which go to build up what is termed Society—than any array of talent or amount of virtues.

Wherever men live together in communities certain well-defined regulations for conduct are in force, and indeed are a necessary part of the system, for social rules are needed to preserve harmony and decorum in daily life equally with codes of penal laws or statute-book enactments. Comprised under the head of 'Etiquette,' these rules are found ready drawn up for use, to be committed carefully to memory before one can venture to walk with ease and confidence along the social highway of life. And to the uninitiated the acquirement of this knowledge is no lightsome task, and to the late-in-life learner altogether a cheerless and confusing business.

But above and beyond etiquette there is a wider and loftier principle; more elastic, because its precepts are unwritten, and less irksome, because less exact and rigid, which we know by the somewhat vague and abstract term of 'Form.' Form, like Patriotism, Virtue, Honour, and even Love itself, is almost indefinable, and refuses to be described by clear-cut sentences or arbitrary distinctions—a word which, like charity with regard to sins, covers a multitude of meanings and applications.

The racing man consults his text-book, 'Form at a Glance,' to note his favourite's wins. The oarsman rows in 'finished form,' but lacks power. The sportsman misses bird after bird because he is in such 'wretched form' to-day. Miss Dash is a lovely woman, but she 'has no form,' and Tom, Dick, Harry, may be a good-hearted fellow, but then 'he is such bad form.'

Form in its wide, general sense means some sort of standard, varying according to the nature of the thing to be measured, and in the foregoing senses may be considered as more or less concrete. Bring it into relationship with conduct and social and moral surroundings, and it at once becomes more or less abstract; and it is in this sense it touches Etiquette under the nomen Good Form. Etiquette is a rigid line, to step over which is to transgress. Form is more flexible, and gives and bends to suit certain exigences. Etiquette is the lamp lighting the high-road. Form is the lantern which the wayfarer carries to guide his steps when obliged sometimes to leave the beaten track and cross awkward bits of irregular country. Etiquette concerns itself

entirely with what ought to be done, whilst Form considers chiefly the way of doing it. Etiquette may demand what Good Form will forbid; and conversely, Good Form will ask what Etiquette vetos. Strict Etiquette, for instance, insists that rank takes precedence; but Good Form would suggest that the peeress in her teens should give way to the white-haired vicar's wife. Good Form would hint that if by mischance some guests were at table in morning-coats, the host should be in undress also, to set them at their ease; but Etiquette would peremptorily bid him don the swallow-tail.

Whether or not we choose to scoff at the importance which is attached in the upper circles of society to the observances of Etiquette, we cannot but admit that there is something peculiarly attractive about those who are unostentatiously Good Form, and that they involuntarily exert a refining and improving influence upon all with whom they come into contact. The quiet well-bred man who is polite, courteous, and chivalrous, must leaven to a certain extent his fellows, and leave them better for his example. The gentle, high-toned woman with her easy grace, sure always to do and to say the right thing,

Grandly forbearing, lifting life serenely
E'en to her own nobility of soul,

must reign a queen.

There is no surer index to the state of society than its ideals of Good Form; for, like fashion in dress and art, these change with the manners and ideas of succeeding generations, and therefore reflect the lives and thoughts of the men and women of the times. The coarse jests, the full-flavoured conversation of Sheridan's day—then quite Good Form—would shock the inmates of a nineteenth-century drawing-room. The roystering dicing blade of the reigns of the Georges, with his affectation and conceits, would be cold-shouldered by his successors of St James's and Pall-Mall. The gentleman who cracked his couple of bottles, and gracelessly fuddled himself at the dinner-table, would now be left to drunken solitude, whilst his disgusted fellow-guests sought tea and the ladies.

But though we have improved vastly upon the past in many matters of morals and behaviour, we have in some things lowered the standard of Good Form. True, it is not now the mark of a gentleman to get drunk, to swear before ladies or a parson, to be everlastingly parading his honour and standing upon punctilios; yet the present tone is distinctly low, and, alas, lowering in much; and one is inclined to hold with that 'sweet-voiced singer,' Fred. Locker,

The crops of dandies bud and bloom,
And die as fast as ever;
Now gilded youth loves cutty pipes,
And slang that's rather scaring—
It can't approach its prototypes
In taste, or tone, or bearing.

In Brummell's day of buckle-shoes,
Lawn cravats, and roll collars,
They'd fight, and woo, and bet—and lose,
Like gentlemen and scholars.
I'm glad young men should go the pace;
I half forgive *Old Rapid*.
These louts disgrace their name and race,
So vicious and so vapid.

Be this as it may, it is indisputable that the

old-fashioned politeness and stately courtliness of our grandfathers have fled, and that, unless we quickly pull ourselves together and wake up to the needs of the moment, chivalry will soon become merely a word which will recall virtues of bygone ages, and be associated only with the romances of yore.

No doubt, the changed conditions of life, the hurry and skurry of business, and the tussle for very existence, are largely responsible for this. We have not time to be polite, and if we stay to consider others, we ourselves may be jostled out of place. But is not the prevailing tendency of self-indulgence and luxuriousness equally to blame for this decadence of manners? To watch how the so-called gentleman of to-day elbows his way into theatre, train, omnibus, and everywhere else; to see him smoke in the presence of ladies; to note how he will remain seated and leave a lady to open the door for herself; and to listen to the free and easy conversation with which he favours the fairer sex, are but instances of the general style of behaviour to which we are becoming accustomed—behaviour for which, not many years ago, he would have had to answer with pistol or small-sword.

Of course, the plea put forward for him is that the girl and woman of the period are descending to his level, and therefore must not be astonished at being treated as equals; but that is merely begging the question, for the chivalrous knight does not lower his bearing, but carries himself nobly wherever he may be, renders due homage to womanhood whether in rags or silks, and does devoir to the milkmaid as well as to the queen. By the way, there is no truer test of Good Form, in its wider and best sense, than behaviour towards inferiors in station or advantages—a principle which was the first care of a gallant colonel of a certain dashing cavalry regiment, who used to send for each newly-joined 'sub' and say: 'You know, Mr So-and-so, that every regiment has its own traditions and swagger. Now, the swagger of the — Hussars is, that they have no swagger; and whilst you belong to us, sir, you will treat a ploughboy as courteously as you would a nobleman.'

Perhaps, after all, it is the negative side, or Bad Form, which exercises the greater influence upon our conduct; and many a one who would be utterly careless about doing a thing because it is Good Form, would shudderingly shrink from aught which ever so slightly seemed Bad Form. And yet, this is hardly to be wondered at, for the 'Thou shalt nots' are more forceful to most of us than the 'Thou shalt,' and it is so much easier to 'leave undone' than to do—add to which, the 'must nots' are collectively much more certainly and unmistakably defined.

Form, Good and Bad, is a most important factor in the life of each and all, which, rightly appreciated and applied, keeps society fresh, vigorous, and wholesome. 'Cleanliness is next to godliness,' the sanitarian insists; but Good Form is surely an attribute and embellishment to godliness itself, to say nothing of its being largely part and parcel of the morality of Christianity. It would be impossible to dispute the fact that if Good Form was more carefully cultivated by sincerely good people, they would recommend religion far more strongly to the outside world

than they do; for who will say but that most folk prefer to hold intercourse and have dealings with a polite polished sinner—using the word in its conventional sense—rather than to associate with a rude ill-mannered saint.

There is a story told of the hero of Khartoum which not only strongly emphasises the difference between Good and Bad Form, but also strikingly points the moral of all this. Gordon had taken his passage from the Mauritius to Cape Colony in a trading brig; and whilst waiting for the tide, a number of people came on board to say good-bye, amongst them an officer of 'high degree.' This individual strutted up to the captain, who with his wife was on deck, and without exchanging civilities, or even raising his cap to the lady, swung a cane, and peremptorily asked, 'Is the Colonel at home?' Gordon, who had seen the whole proceeding, came forward, treating the visitor very coolly and formally; and on the latter's departure, at once turned to the seaman and his wife, and warmly apologised for the other's rudeness, saying that if he had still been in command of the troops, he should have considered it his duty to tell the unmannerly fellow what he thought of his breeding—or rather want of it.

This paper commenced with 'Manners maketh Man;' it shall end with the complementary form of that proposition, 'The want of them the fellow.'

STRANGE FRIENDS.

A STORY OF THE NORTH-WEST.

BY WILLIAM ATKINSON.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS—CHAP. I.

THE taut and trim Clyde-built steamer *Athabasca* was slowly steaming at the regulation speed through the peaceful waters of the broad 'Soo' Canal—the Soo, by the way, being usually written down in a geography or atlas as 'Sault Ste Marie.' The stiff white canvas with which the 'bridge' is draped, to protect the ship's officers from the exceedingly breezy breezes of the northern lakes, was for the time being tinted a bright crimson by the rays of the sun, which, like a huge disc of fire, was setting in the west. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon of a clear November day, and the *Athabasca* was making her last trip of the season in the interests of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. The steamer had just completed half her journey 'up,' having left Owen Sound the previous evening six hours late, owing to a snow-storm which had delayed the mail-train from Montreal. Provided no mishap occurred, she was due at Port Arthur, Thunder Bay, the next day at noon.

While November is a delightful month for yachting in the Mediterranean or for navigating the Nile, there is nothing particularly enchanting in steaming some seven hundred miles across the two most northerly of the great American lakes in the 'fall' of the year. As a consequence, the passengers on the *Athabasca* were few and far between. From Owen Sound there was only

one first-cabin passenger, but another had just joined the boat. The ship's officers being too much engrossed with their duties while in the Soo to permit of their entertaining the passenger from Owen Sound, that individual was amusing himself as best he might by gazing over the vessel's side at the weed-grown timbers forming the bank of the canal, and at the wild country in its sombre autumn garb beyond. He had arrived at that peculiar state of mind known as a 'brown-study,' when he was joined by his newly-acquired—and as yet unknown—fellow-passenger, who had boarded the steamer at the lock.

'Howdy, pardner?' exclaimed the new-comer with much cordiality—his intentions being good, though his speech was unconsciously bad.

'How do you do, sir?' was the reply, spoken somewhat timidly.

'Kinder late in the season for touristin'?' remarked the new passenger, evidently with a view to ascertaining the true purpose of his fellow-traveller's presence in the *Athabasca*.

'Yes, I should think so: I am not a tourist myself,' was the quiet rejoinder.

This information rather non-plussed the interrogator, who felt that he would have to devise some other plan of campaign. To assist him, he took from his pocket a cigar, thrust it between his teeth, and without lighting it, commenced to chew the end rather vigorously.

Extreme types of manhood met in these two men thus suddenly thrown together. One was slight and frail; the other was a giant. The first was all intellect; the other was chiefly blood, bone, and muscle. One was evidently a gentleman by birth and education; the new arrival was a very rough diamond indeed. Both men were of much the same age, and both were passengers on the Canadian steamboat bound for the North-west. There the resemblance ceased; though, without reflection, one might have remarked that both spoke the same language. They did—with the marked difference, that one spoke the Queen's English, while the other indulged in Lake Superior English 'as she is spoke' along the north shore.

The slight young man was a clergyman, an ordained priest of the Church of England. He had gained some repute at Oxford as a student and thinker, and had graduated from his Alma Mater with honours. All through his university career Digby Rockingham had been somewhat of a religious enthusiast. Aided, perhaps, by his surroundings at Oxford, he had developed into a pronounced ecclesiastical enthusiast. He was, nevertheless, a good and devout man, and so much in earnest that, when convinced of the need of church extension by means of missionary efforts, he at once closed his well-loved books, laid aside his pen, and entered the service of the Church which he so ardently revered. Leaving Africa and China to others, the almost equally benighted regions of the Canadian North-west enlisted the sympathies of the young clergyman; and he was at his own request set apart for missionary work in the wild and bleak district lying immediately to the north of Lake Superior. Being fortunate enough to possess a by no means inconsiderable private income, the Rev. Digby Rockingham was enabled to start

upon his mission well equipped with many excellent means of grace as well as several most appreciable bodily comforts. In other words, the hold of the *Athabasca* contained far more articles of baggage marked 'Rev. D. R.' than usually go to make up travelling outfits of the most extravagant tourists.

Now Mr Rockingham was not by any means of a sullen disposition, nor was he altogether unwilling to enter into conversation with a fellow-voyager. But no man whose musings have perchance carried him in the spirit thousands of miles away, cares to be rudely disturbed by a friend, much less by a stranger. Having been disturbed, however, he could not again engross himself in his brown-study, and he then bethought him that he had been unintentionally impolite; so he pulled himself together, and, laying his hand gently upon the big man's sleeve, said: 'Pardon me; I am afraid I gave you a very poor impression of myself when you spoke just now. You will think I do not care to converse with you, when, indeed, the reverse is the case.'

The giant was evidently unused to accepting apologies, and only stared rather curiously at the speaker, who continued:

'The fact is, my thoughts were miles away, and I hardly knew what you asked or what I said in reply.'

Slowly the other removed his much mutilated cigar from between his teeth and nodded his head. 'I tumble,' he said. 'Sorter star-gazing, eh? I've been there myself. Well, put her there, Colonel, and let's get acquainted. There ain't a pile of passengers this trip, so we may as well be neighbourly.' As he spoke the man extended his massive hand, encased in a sealskin mitten, large enough to make a fairly good door-mat, for Rockingham to 'put her there.' 'First of all, Colonel, I'll introduce your humble servant, Eli Brock, native of Michigan, United States of America, and at present foreman of the Gravenhurst Copper Mines, recently opened up on the north shore. I'm just agoing up, confound the luck, to stay over yonder all winter, as there's a sight of cleaning-up and fixing to be done afore the miners commence work in the spring.—You're agoing up to Port Arthur or Fort William, I s'pose, Colonel?'

'Yes, at first. I cannot tell where I shall ultimately establish my headquarters. I am a clergyman—here is my card—and I intend at once to build a church at some place where there is not one already. Perhaps you can assist me, Mr Brock?'

'First and foremost, Colonel,' replied Brock, who twirled the card in his fingers as if doubtful whether the correct thing was to read it and then throw it overboard or consign it to his pocket—'first and foremost, Colonel, oblige by striking off the "Mister." Eli is good enough for me. The boys call me Eli, and I reckon they ain't gents like you, not by a long shot!—Yes, sir, I can help you this much. You can take any settlement along the north shore this blessed minute, and I'm derned if you'll find e'er a church or meeting-house in the hull lot, Colonel! So you can't go far wrong in locating a church.—You'll excuse me for calling you Colonel, sir? I see you've got a title; but I'll be switched if I know what

RE V means, and Colonel comes sorter easy and familiar.'

Digby Rockingham laughed heartily at the curious candour of his new friend, and as the supper bell rang at that moment, the two locked arms and walked to the dining-saloon together.

The travellers were afforded no opportunity to view from the lake the rugged and desolate 'north shore' of Lake Superior. Hours before they were due at Port Arthur, the steward—from Inverness—remarked dryly that there was a 'muckle mist'—a mist, however, which Mr Brock insisted was neither more nor less than a 'gold-dorned soaking rain-storm!'

The young clergyman had used his time to good purpose in improving his acquaintance with the foreman of the copper mines. If he had searched the whole of the Dominion of Canada he could never have discovered a man better acquainted with the territory adjacent to the north shore.

'I'm agoing to lay over for the night at Port Arthur,' he said, 'and you'd better do the same, Colonel. There's a tolerable good hotel in the town, where they will take care of your traps and truck. In the morning the stage sets out for Kincardine, a tidy sort of settlement as near as we can travel to the Gravenhurst Mines. Little Pig—he's my Injun, and a blamed good feller for Injun trash—will meet me at Kincardine, and you can go 'long of me if you so fancy.—What do you say, Colonel?'

'I think I shall avail myself of your company as far as possible, Brock. Yes, if you will be so good, count me your travelling companion as far as the mines.'

Towards sundown on the day after the arrival of the *Athabasca* at Port Arthur, the weekly stage was approaching the thriving settlement of Kincardine. Let no one suppose that this stage was such a one as Charles Dickens loved to present to his readers in striking pen-pictures, or a specimen of the modern reproductions which, on summer mornings, roll away from the 'White Horse Cellar' in Piccadilly. It was an old lumbering vehicle which the London General Omnibus Company might reasonably have discarded half a century ago. There were no outside seats, which loss was not greatly felt during the cold months of the year, and those in the inside were far from comfortable. Upon the door of the stage, in the rear, some embryo artist in sign-writing had inscribed with very yellow paint, 'Royal Mail'—the mail on the present trip consisting of four or five letters thrust into the lining of the driver's hat, and a score or so of ancient newspapers, which were tucked away under the very much worn and flattened cushion of the box.

As to the passengers, there were three, two of whom have been introduced to the reader. The third was a young woman, who was evidently extremely shy and reserved, several overtures from Mr Brock having utterly failed to draw her into conversation. Even when the stage had stopped at noon for dinner at a wretched tavern, she had remained in her seat to eat the refreshment which she carried in a hand-bag, and had politely declined the glass of brandy-and-water tendered her by Rockingham, who knew that the girl must be well-nigh frozen.

By the time the stage came in sight of Kincardine, silence had reigned in the old bus for an hour or two, for all the passengers were completely tired out with the slow and dreary journey over forty miles of rocky road. Slowly as they had travelled, it was with quite a jerk that the driver halted his team in front of a huge one-story shanty, which Rockingham rightly estimated must have covered almost half an acre of ground. This was a sort of western 'Whiteley's,' or a 'Bon Marché' in the wilderness, and was the profitable emporium of an enterprising Scot, whose name, Dugald M'Dougall, had been painted by the artist of the 'Royal Mail' in letters four feet long upon one end of the log shanty. The legends inscribed upon the front of the place were many and various, among them being 'Hotel,' 'Post-office,' and 'General Store.'

Cold as was the day, Mr M'Dougall, displaying his shirt sleeves, came out to meet the stage, being sufficiently loyal to Queen and country to give his personal attention to Her Majesty's mails; his loyalty to his native land being proven by the fact that his grizzly hair was covered by a Glengarry bonnet.

Dugald M'Dougall was a character, and a very important character in the community. Although the directors of the neighbouring copper mines at Gravenhurst were larger employers of labour, and really disbursed most of the cash which ultimately found its way into M'Dougall's till, they were non-resident, and were seldom seen at Kincardine. Their foreman and representative, Eli Brock, was, both in the matter of wealth and social and political standing, far behind Dugald. M'Dougall was the only man who could furnish the necessities of life to the miners, and could give or withhold credit when ready-money was not forthcoming. He was agent for the Hudson Bay Company, which position gave him great prestige among the Indian hunters and half-breed trappers. Furthermore, besides being postmaster, he held Her Majesty's Commission of the Peace, and, as the only magistrate within a wide radius, could sentence miscreants to imprisonment in the jail at Fort William, and could punish them still more by refusing to issue licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors.

Mr M'Dougall was evidently expecting the young woman, who now alighted from the stage, but was plainly at a loss to account for the presence of the clergyman. Brock perceived this, and at once introduced his companion.

'My friend the Colonel, Dugald,' he remarked, either forgetting Rockingham's name, or else thinking it unnecessary to mention it.

M'Dougall did not notice the omission, for he promptly responded: 'Glad to meet you, Colonel!'; and then escorted the girl into the 'hotel.'

'Seen Little Pig around here?' asked Brock of a half-breed lad who was watching the stage-horses changed.

'Naw! Little Pig ain't been up yere since you went 'way.'

'Seen my rig, then?'

'Yaw!'

'Where?'

The half-breed was either too lazy or too busy with his chewing tobacco to make a verbal reply;

he jerked a thumb in the direction of M'Dougall's barn.

'Who drove it up?' asked Brock.

The boy grinned stupidly and then replied: 'Gal.'

'Look here, you leather-skinned pup!' shouted Brock, who hated half-breeds in general, and this lad in particular. 'If you don't know enough to speak civil when you *do* speak, I'll teach you, by thunder! Who are you calling a "gal," I'd like to know?'

The half-breed continued to grin, although his grin was not so 'healthy' as it had been at first.

'Don't stand there, showing your dirty teeth! I want you to tell me who brought my rig up here.'

Brock knew well enough, but his experience told him that he must not back down from any position once taken towards a half-breed. He was merely giving the young rascal a lesson.

'Madge,' said the boy sullenly.

'No; that won't do. Try again,' thundered Brock.

'Miss Madge.'

'Yes, you cross-bred cur; don't you ever forget to call a lady that is a lady "Miss." Listen! Go and find Miss Madge, and tell her I am ready to start. Hurry, now, and if I find that you ever forget the "Miss," I'll break your neck!'

Eli Brock was a queer mixture of humanity. He knew that there were certain terms of respect by which it is proper to address certain persons. But of their correct application he knew very little; so that to him Colonel was equivalent to Reverend, and answered the purpose fully as well; while, so long as a young woman was addressed as 'Miss,' it seemed to Brock to matter very little whether her Christian name or surname was added. For himself he did not care a snap of the finger. Miners and Indians alike were perfectly free to call him Eli or Brock, though they usually spoke of him as the Boss. But for his friends, and especially those of the gentler sex—who were few—he was very exacting in his notions of courtesy.

'Have to do it, Colonel,' he remarked apologetically to his companion.

But Digby Rockingham, inwardly noting his own physical insignificance, knew that he would have to devise some other method if he would successfully cope with Indians and miners.

HOME-LIFE IN NATAL.

THERE are certain peculiar characteristics pertaining to domestic life in every quarter of the globe, consequent on climate and other local influences. Life in an Indian station has of late years been made tolerably familiar to all; not so life in South Africa; and the following notes, penned from Pietermaritzburg (termed for brevity 'Pomburg'), the capital of Natal, apply generally to all other settlements in the colony.

It is a common thing to hear new arrivals, more especially if on their first tour of foreign service, remark that they are greatly disappointed with Natal, as everything is so thoroughly English; and so it undoubtedly appears at first

sight, the more so should the one hansom cab we boast chance to be at the railway station on their arrival. But a residence of only a few hours is sufficient to bring home to them the bitter reality that they are not in 'Merrie England.' The hotel at which they must perforce put up until they can find a home of their own first opens their eyes. There are at least a dozen hotels in the city, the difficulty being to choose between the 'Grosvenor,' the 'Langham,' the 'Imperial,' and the rest, bearing equally pretentious titles. The first twinge is perhaps felt on the vehicle that has brought them from the station pulling up before a small low shanty of the labourer's-dwelling order. Can this be the 'Grand?' Oh, what sacrilege! But it is, in very fact; and out they are bundled bag and baggage, wearied after their six hours' journey up our corkscrew line from Durban, into a tiny bedroom ten feet square, scantily furnished, and illuminated by one solitary dip, there to furbish up their travel-stained persons while awaiting the call to dinner, a meal that painfully recalls one's early school-days. But my intention is not to dilate on the so-called hotels out here, which are nothing more, except in name, than boarding-houses; and so I will pass over the dreary weeks often spent in one of them while waiting for some householder to vacate, and start from the time of entering the new home, merely mentioning in passing that rents are just now fabulously high on account of the newly-discovered gold-fields in the Transvaal, a poky little cottage of five tiny rooms fetching from seventy to eighty pounds a year.

Furnishing is no more difficult here than in England, as there are several large dealers, both new and second hand; and among a shifting population like ours, auctions are exceedingly numerous. The articles are naturally inferior, and much higher in price. One novel experience is, however, met with, since the landlords, an independent lot, do not, as at home, provide the kitchen range. One has therefore to be sought after, which in subsequent moves is carried about, a pursuit that opens one's eyes to the enormous variety of such articles that are thrown into the market, and one becomes perfectly bewildered in listening to the respective merits of the 'Mistress,' the 'Fortress,' the 'Plantress,' the 'Marchioness,' the 'Trafford,' and a hundred other kinds; after having mastered which, the size that will fit the opening in the kitchen has still to be considered, whether a No. 3, 6, 7, 8, or —.

Having furnished the abode sufficiently for occupation, the troubles of housekeeping begin, and in this colony they really are troubles, more especially just now, when high prices are raging. The only cheap article of diet is meat, which is from 8d. to 9d. a pound; bread, 6d. per two-pound loaf; butter ranges from 2s. 6d. to 5s. a pound; eggs—and they are not always the freshest—from 2s. 6d. to 4s. a dozen; and all else in proportion—clearly showing that this is no country for a poor man.

For vegetables we are entirely dependent, outside the produce of our own little patch of ground, on the natives who have come over from India, an industrious population that has settled down in our midst; and so quickly are their

numbers increasing, that their immigration is one of the burning questions of the day out here. John Chinaman is also getting in the thin end of the wedge, and setting up little grocery stores here and there. The Kaffir detests manual labour, and never tills the ground or sows anything except a patch of mealies hard by his kraal, sufficient for his own need and to cover the amount of his hut-tax; and perhaps a little Kaffir corn from which to manufacture his beer, a beverage not at all unlike ours in taste, but in appearance resembling cocoa made with milk more than anything else I can think of. The natives of India—all of whom, for some reason or other, come under the generic term 'coolie' out here—hawk their wares round in the early morning, and the first shrill cries one hears are 'Nice fowl and eggis, Missis!' 'Nice beanis, Missis!' 'Nice carrots, turnips, tomatoes, Missis!' They all have three peculiarities—they convert all monosyllables, such as eggs, beans, &c., into dissyllables; they only offer their produce to the 'Missis'; and all of it is *nice*.

No tradesman except the butcher, who rides round every afternoon to ascertain what is required for the next day, calls for orders. Our milkmen, or rather milk-boys, are unique, their sole garment consisting of an old piece of sacking, with pockets of like material—sometimes as many as sixteen in two tiers, sewn on back and front, somewhat like an enlarged cartridge belt. In each pocket is an old wine or beer bottle, containing the milk, which the boy empties at the house, eventually returning to the farm whence he set out with the same number of empties as he started with full.

The wages of Kaffir servants range from ten to twenty-five shillings a month, plus clothing, house, and food, which runs each up to from twenty-five to forty shillings, in addition to which it is customary to give each of them sixpence every Saturday to buy meat or tobacco. The most aggravating feature connected with them is that after they have been in service for a few months and are just getting into your ways, they want to return to their kraal and live for some weeks a life of complete idleness on their earnings.

A horse costs about three pounds a month for feed alone, and is for some months in the autumn liable to be carried off in a few hours by horse-sickness, an equine malady peculiar to this part of the world, concerning the cause of which little or nothing is known. It is no uncommon thing for the cavalry regiment stationed here to lose two or three horses a day from it. Dew is considered the main cause, and during the sick season, stringent regulations are enforced. No government horse is allowed to be out after 5.30 P.M.; the stable doors are not to be opened before 7.30 A.M., nor is any animal to be ridden at such a pace as to make him sweat; but whether these precautionary measures are really efficacious is an open question. Directly the frosts set in, the sickness disappears.

Society here, as in every other colony, is very mixed, and entertaining consequently limited; but there is one wrinkle connected with the social treadmill which, to use an Americanism, strikes a new-comer as decidedly 'cunning.' When we go out, or feel inclined for a siesta, or for some

other reason desire to remain undisturbed, we hang outside the front door a notice, 'Not at Home,' and below it a small basket or other receptacle for visitors' cards; and as but a very limited number of Kaffir servants have any knowledge of English, the advantage on that score alone is obvious. From this cause the door is frequently opened by the occupant in person.

Two daily papers, 'The Witness' and 'The Times of Natal,' are published in Maritzburg, and the following advertisements, culled from recent issues of which, prove that the Natalian is no whit behind his American brother in the science of advertising:

COOK.—Wanted, for a small hotel, in a very small village in the Orange Free State, a good-tempered, cleanly Female Cook. Wages, £40 per annum. A good home and kind treatment for a suitable party. Ladies, and parties with a taste for the piano and tailor-made dresses, need not apply to 'PIN,' office of this paper.

WANTED, a Young Lady as Lady's Companion, and to assist in teaching three children. Apply to J. P. J., Biggarsberg. *N.B.*—Three Eligible Bachelors kept on the premises.

WANTED, Three Husbands.—Three Good-looking Young Ladies of cheerful and sociable disposition, good housekeepers, &c., wish to correspond with good-looking young gentlemen of good character, good-tempered and sociable, with sufficient means to keep a wife comfortably.—Address letters to—XLZ, care publishers of 'Witness.'

CHALLENGE.—I will box any man in the colony at 10 stone, twelve rounds or to a finish, with small gloves, from a Hundred Pounds to Two Hundred a side.—W. KELLY, Standard, Church Street.

The way these papers are delivered at our houses is decidedly primitive—by a small boy, who rides round and throws them into the garden whatever the state of the weather, so that it behoves us during the rainy season (September to February) to be on the lookout for their arrival, or they are shortly reduced to a mass of illegible pulp.

The trade in matches to this colony must be prodigious, owing mainly to Boer tobacco, which is generally smoked, and which requires a deal of lighting. The medium-sized boxes of safety matches find most favour. Vesuvians or fusees one never sees, and wax matches but rarely. Corrugated iron, too, which forms the staple outside covering of nearly all buildings in South Africa, sometimes walls as well as roof, must form an enormous item of import.

Though we are highly civilised in certain respects, we are sadly behindhand in others. Our roads and pathways, for instance, would disgrace any community, abounding as they do in dangerous pitfalls, so much so that outdoor exercise after dark is attended with considerable danger. The streets after dusk are lighted by oil-lamps up to midnight, after which, save on moonlight nights, when the lamps are not lighted at all, the city rests in total darkness till daybreak following, which would be a serious matter were it not for the fact that any native found in the streets without a pass from his

employer after the 'Kaffir bell' has rung at nine P.M. from the Police Station is quickly run in.

Our system of drainage is primitive, the soil being collected twice a week by night-carts, which carry it out into the country, where it is buried. An old packing-case is our stock dust-bin, into which all rubbish is shot from Monday to Monday, on the morning of which day it is carried by the Kaffir boys into the road in front of the house, to be emptied into one of the scavenger carts that carries its contents away outside the confines of the city.

Our houses are devoid of bells, their functions being performed by the human voice divine. In only a very few of the newest houses is water laid on, a stand-pipe in the garden serving the others for all domestic purposes. We have no postmen, and consequently no house-to-house delivery of our letters, which we have to fetch or send for from the General Post-office. On the arrival of the English mail, generally on a Tuesday morning, two guns are fired from the camp, which is situated on rising ground at the upper end of the town, as a signal that its heterogeneous contents have been sorted and are ready for delivery. Then for a stampede! Whites, blacks, orderlies mounted and on foot, servants of all colours and shades, literally besiege the post-office for some hours as they would a bank that had suspended payment. One end of the building is fitted up with rows upon rows of little locked and numbered pigeon-holes, the private letter-boxes of those who care to pay a guinea a year for the luxury of avoiding the general scramble, and obtaining their letters and papers at leisure; and it will hardly be credited that in this widely-scattered city, boasting some twenty miles or more of streets, there are only two pillar boxes besides the one at the railway station. And there is a great peculiarity about these said streets, owing to which—an old Dutch custom, I believe—it was not until I had resided here for several months that I found out what street I was living in. This sounds absurd, but it is a fact, nevertheless. The plan of the city is simplicity itself—seven main streets, each two miles long, crossed at right angles by six lesser ones. The plots of ground between the main streets on which the houses stand are named; not the streets themselves. For example, our three main thoroughfares are called Church Street, Longmarket Street, and Loop Street. Now, in walking down Longmarket Street the houses on the right-hand side are in Loop Street, but those on the left in Longmarket Street. Similarly, in perambulating Church Street those on the right-hand side are in Longmarket Street, while those on the left are in Church Street.

We are well supplied with places of public worship; chapels of all denominations abound, including a Salvation Army barrack. We are not so well off for places of indoor recreation. A fabric dignified by the title of 'The Theatre Royal,' a hall with a raised platform at one end, where at intervals travelling companies take the boards, and amateurs, charitably inclined, cater for our amusement; a Skating Rink, just opened; and a well-managed Public Library, make up the list. The Oval, a level spot in the middle of the Park, furnishes outdoor amusement on most afternoons throughout the

year in the shape of either a cricket or football match, according to the season; and every Saturday afternoon, when one or other of the military bands adds its lively strains to the spectacle, the general public flock there in crowds. Every Monday afternoon, too, the Polo ground with its music and afternoon tea attracts a goodly number of both sexes.

It will thus be seen that in spite of everything being upside down with us, of a north wind blowing hot and a south wind cold, of Christmas day occurring in midsummer, of the flowers being without scent and the birds without song, and our dwelling beneath the Southern Cross instead of under the Polar Star, we manage to jog along and to make life more than a mere matter of existence.

RAILWAY PORTERS.

THE Railway Porter is a familiar personage to every one, and most of us have at times been able to appreciate his services. Go to a station when we may, whether there are trains about or not, we can generally find a porter somewhere, and very seldom do we find him idle. His duties are many and not always pleasant, and his hours of work are often very long; yet withal, his looks, with few exceptions, bespeak the contented man. Porters include several classes of men. There are goods porters, who do not often come in contact with the public; parcel porters; shunting, lamping, and carriage-washing porters; and platform porters. The last mentioned are best known by the public, and their position amongst the body of porters is most envied. Their duties are more varied and interesting than those of the other classes; they see the public in their joys and sorrows; and on one and the self-same day may see christening, wedding, and funeral parties. They also have the chance of increasing their weekly wages by a few gratuities. Though their duties all over the country may be similar, porters try to avoid certain stations, as much as tramps do certain workhouses. These hard stations are invariably large ones, and their bad character generally comes from the hard discipline of some inspector or foreman, who would have been a model slave-driver had his lot been cast in some of our colonies in days gone by.

Portering may be said to be the first step in railway life; some may begin their career in the service in a higher sphere, but many who have started as porters now hold very high positions on the railways in this country and in the colonies. At large stations, like the London termini, Liverpool, Manchester, &c., and such junctions as Crewe, York, and Rugby, the porter is hard worked. The perpetual moving about, shutting doors, loading and unloading vans, answering questions by the hundred a day, makes their work much harder than it appears to the casual observer; and most men after a time are glad to get to a good country station if there is no chance of a suitable promotion. The position of brakesman or goods guard is generally offered to porters of some experience; but men who have been years at a country station, who have a cottage and garden,

and a family into the bargain, are not over-eager to accept such a promotion. A few shillings a week more will hardly compensate them for breaking up their homes; so that as a rule porters at country stations remain porters, and do not fare badly. In London and the large provincial towns it is unusual to see the same faces amongst this class of men for many years together, as it is from the large stations that men are made brakesmen and goods guards, it not being often necessary for them to change their homes.

But let us look at the characters of railway porters. There are good, bad, and indifferent men amongst them, the same as in any other class of humanity, but the bad are in a decided minority. The lazy ones are soon spotted by their superior officers, and the uncivil will sooner or later be reported by the public; and in both cases their tenure of office will be short. The criminal calendar can show very few railway-men on its list, and those that are there are mostly thieves. In our travels we shall find that, in the matter of civility alone, porters are not all alike. At one station we may find he errs on the side of too much civility; at another he will be found disagreeable, or even rude; and at several stations the word indifferent will convey his character to one's mind. He has no interest in his work, and he therefore fails at it. The civil man soon finds out that his character is appreciated, that the longer he stops at a station the more friends he has, and that the public always seek his services in preference to others less amiable. If porters would but remember that civility costs nothing, and is often well rewarded, there would be no cause for one being favoured more than another; and irrespective of 'tips' and other favours, the civil and obliging man has that contented mind which is brought about by being at peace with all the world. The face reflects the man, and the happy face is approached by the timid, who would dispense with information if they had to seek it from a disagreeable-looking individual.

At one of the Leeds stations there is a man who has been a porter for many years; he attends in the booking lobby, and waits on passengers arriving by cabs, &c. He is an old favourite of constant travellers, and rumour says that he can retire any day on his past earnings. His little fortune has been made by civility; and there are probably many more all over the country that can say the same. It is certainly true that porters who are advanced in life get the lion's share of public favour; but they were young once, and have served an apprenticeship, which has taught them something to their advantage.

The indifferent porter is the hardest to deal with. He has no interest in his work; he would be the same sort of man in whatever occupation he was engaged in. His answer to most questions is, 'I don't know,' and we might add, 'and don't want to know.' Whatever is put before him to do, he does, but not willingly; he is a sort of labour machine which won't go without making. No special fault can be found with him, so that he does not generally get into trouble; but for all that, such men are a source of annoyance to inspectors and foremen,

who cannot always be at a man's back to see that he does his work; and who are not always sure that an important order will be executed when it is merely given. These sort of men do nothing without being told, and fill up their time with dawdling about, or playing with some such article as a knife or piece of string; when not even so much occupied, they sit down and muse over their hard life.

The uncivil porter is always in hot water; he is generally a sharp man at his work, and does it well; acts up to all orders, and is in every way but one a good servant. If he cannot be civil, he need not be rude or impudent, but his manner is just sufficient to make his questioner feel insulted. If he loses his temper, however, there is no doubt but that his language will be both rude and impudent, and he will then draw largely from the vocabulary of slang. But, as before remarked, this class of men soon have to move on. They will be sent from one station to another, so that they can have a fair trial, till the record against them is so black that they are requested to leave the service, or maybe allowed the option of resigning.

All railway companies are very particular about civility being shown to the public, with perhaps one exception, known to most railwaymen; but even that company has now improved in this respect, as well as in many others. A bald-headed director of this company was travelling with some strangers, and at one of the stations one of them asked the name of the place. A porter pointed to the name-board, remarking: 'Can't you read?' The director was somewhat vexed, but said nothing. At the next station, another of the passengers asked if they changed there for A—. 'Sit still, and don't bother; this ain't a junction,' the porter replied. The director, who was much surprised at the incivility of the porters, told the strangers who he was, and expressed regret that they had been so spoken to. 'I will see, however,' he said, 'if they will speak in the same way to me.' At the next station he put his head out of the window, but could get no one's attention till the train was moving off, when a porter came up and shouted to him: 'Keep your bald head in, old buffer, or you'll catch cold.' He fumed with rage; but the strangers seemed to enjoy his defeat.

There was trouble at those three stations the next day; and three faces were seen no more on those platforms.

There is a minimum height for porters; hence short men are not seen, neither are very tall men. There is, however, no regulation as to rotundity, but fat porters are scarce. Constant exercise, I should imagine, keeps the superfluous fat down.

The agricultural districts are the recruiting-grounds for porters; perhaps it would be more correct to say breeding-grounds, for no company has any official to do the recruiting. As a railway now runs within walking distance of every village throughout the country, men seeking employment on the railway soon find out all particulars necessary to get into the service. It is not unusual to come across half-a-dozen porters at our large stations, each plainly showing by his talk the county he comes from; and it would be highly interesting to get them together and

hear their conversation with one another. Raw recruits from Yorkshire, Lancashire, Northumberland, Norfolk, Somersetshire, and Cornwall, on a London platform holding a serious conversation would lead a Londoner to think that he was verily amongst strangers. They must go wherever they are sent, and before they are appointed, must be examined by a doctor. All things then being satisfactory, they are supplied with their uniform and a book of rules and sent where they are wanted. The new hand can generally be told by the look of discomfort he cannot help showing in appearing in corduroy and brass buttons for the first time. It is surprising how neat some porters can appear with one uniform a year, which includes two pairs of trousers; and equally surprising how slovenly some are before their clothes are three months old. It is very awkward for these latter individuals when their new uniform comes late. One of this class in the West Riding had to apply two or three times for his new clothes, which were overdue, but still they did not come. He knew that his garments were worse than seedy, and feared that they might fall to pieces; so, as a last resource, he wrote direct to the superintendent, telling him of his trouble, and adding, that should the uniform not come at once, he should have to adopt the charcoal system. A reply soon came back, asking for particulars of the charcoal system. The porter then replied, that as different parts of his body were becoming visible through his clothes, he intended rubbing them with charcoal for decency's sake. It is needless to say that the new things were soon sent.

Now, are railway porters as a body of men as well off as they would be in any other occupation for which they are fit? The answer must be 'Yes.' Four-fifths of them have been farm-labourers, labourers about towns, or men without a trade; and in such capacities they would seldom rise above the level of being able to keep body and soul together, whereas directly they join a railway they have regular wages and prospects of promotion. What regular wages mean, only those know who have had employment for part of a year and have had to make shift for the remainder. Every porter must belong to a Sick Fund; and if he is not a member of one at the time he joins the service, he must belong to the one carried on by the company, so that in times of sickness he still draws enough money to keep himself. It is very necessary that this should be compulsory, for there are many men who are quite indifferent about sickness till it comes, and it would not do for great companies to hear that their servants were dying for the want of attendance and the necessities of life.

As for promotion, it may be said of the porter, that the position of general manager is within his reach, as much as the bâton of a field-marshal is said to be within the grasp of a French soldier. Every man is allowed a short holiday in the year, and on most companies they are paid their wages during that time. They have free passes for their wives and family on these occasions. If they live away from a market town, passes are issued to their wives for the purpose of marketing. These are great consider-

ations. All the railway companies may not be so generous; but the great lines certainly are. The conclusion that must be come to, then, is, that a man with no trade or definite occupation can do very much worse than become a railway porter, and that he can easily get that situation, providing he can read and write and can get testimonials as to his character and respectability. With industry and ambition he then has a future before him, and that future will be his own making.

SOME SAVAGE CONTRIBUTIONS TO CIVILISATION.

Most savage tribes possess two things in common with one another—a national beverage, which they use at special seasons of rejoicing and festivity; and a poison of some description, which they employ to test the guilt or innocence of their offenders; or, in times of war, as an arrow-poison to ensure a fatal result to the wound inflicted by the weapon. Both of these are always composed of a very powerful product of the vegetable kingdom, and it is therefore not surprising that most of the known agents have been taken advantage of by doctors and hygienists, and form important additions to the science of medicine and dietetics.

Amongst the native beverages thus utilised may be mentioned the coca of the Peruvians, the kola of the West Africans, the kava-kava of the Fijians, the guarana of the Brazilians, and the maté of the Paraguayans; whilst amongst the poisons may be included the wourali or curare of the South American Indians, the ouabaïo of the Somalis, the *Strophanthus hispidus* of the west coast of Africa, and the Calabar or ordeal bean of Calabar. The three first-named poisons are used by the natives as arrow-poisons; whilst the last, as its name implies, plays the part of a relentless judge, and very often of an executioner at the same time. No doubt, many of our readers are aware of the mode of procedure. A meeting of the tribe is called together under the presiding genius of the medicine-man, who, after sundry gesticulations and howlings, selects the victim, and forces him to partake of the poisonous beans. If report speaks truly, a favourable or fatal result rests entirely with the prisoner. The natives say that if the man has a free conscience he will not be afraid, but will eat largely of the beans, relying upon his fetish to preserve him; whereas, a guilty man will be fearful, and eat as sparingly as possible. Taken in quantity, the beans act as an emetic; whilst small doses ensure death. In this country, pharmacists extract the active principles, which are known to oculists and surgeons under the names of Eserine and Physostigmine, and are employed by them with most gratifying results in the various diseases to which the eye is subject.

The arrow-poisons proper, as a rule, act as muscular poisons; the minute quantity which finds its way into the blood from the arrow is hurried round with the corpuscles, and as soon as it reaches the heart, paralyses the muscles and stops its action. Their great importance, therefore, in medicine is in cases of heart disease. Curare is mainly used hypodermically in cases

of tetanus; strophanthus has also been used internally for the same complaint; but its name was made by its importance as a cardiac tonic. Ouabaïo, the glucoside derived from the ouabaïo, has the same chemical and physiological properties as strophanthus, but is very much more toxic. In some experiments recently made in Paris upon frogs, it was found that after a subcutaneous injection of one-fortieth of a milligramme of crystallised otobain, the heart was stopped in six minutes; while the same quantity of strophanthin took twelve minutes. The injection of even so small a quantity of crystallised ouabaïo as one-eighth of a milligramme stopped the heart in eight or nine minutes. Generally, the toxic dose of ouabaïo for a rabbit is one-tenth of a milligramme per kilogramme of the weight of the animal, death ensuing in twenty-five minutes; whereas of strophanthin four-tenths of a milligramme are required to cause death in about fifty minutes.

Introduced by the stomach, the poison acts far less powerfully. A young dog weighing three kilogrammes two hundred and eighty grammes, being given eight milligrammes in thirty cubic centimetres of water, was seized with all the symptoms of ouabaïo poisoning, but survived. Ouabaïo was found to have an anæsthetic action on the eye, but produced at the same time irritating effects. The experiments were conducted upon rabbits; but subsequent experiments upon the cornea of man have not been sufficiently favourable to warrant its use for this purpose. The last complaint for which it has been tried is whooping-cough, and the infinitesimal doses given have produced marvellous results.

MY LOVE OF LONG AGO.

THERE are faces just as perfect;
There are eyes as true and sweet;
There are hearts as strong and tender
As the heart that's ceased to beat;
There are voices just as thrilling;
There are souls as white, I know,
As hers were when she went from me—
My love of long ago.

New lips are ever telling
The tale that ne'er grows old;
Life's grays are always changing
For some one into gold;
But amid the shine and shadow,
Amid the gloom and glow,
She walks with me, she talks with me—
My love of long ago.

When I think of all the changes
That the changing years have brought,
I am glad the world that holds her
Is the world that changes not.
And the same as when she left me,
She waits for me, I know—
My love on earth, my love in heaven,
My love of long ago.

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

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